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A Tragi-COMEDY, called

NEW-Market-FAYRE:

OR A

PARLIAMENT

OUT-CRY,

OF

State-Commodities,

SET TO SALE.

The *Prologue* sung by the *Cryer*.

Come, come away, to the Fayre *I say,*
for now 'tis the Saints *Market-Day:*
Here be pretty things, toys for your new *Kings,*
Scepters, Crowns, Diamonds and Rings;
Mannors for pleasure, *Good* Land *for your* treasure,
good People, here is measure *for* measure.
Come Tom *and* Noll, Joan, Cisse, Sue, *and* Doll,
and wife Aldermen of the City,
See but this Play, *before you go away*
you'l say 'tis wondrous pretty.
Welcom, welcom, with all my heart,
For now the Cryer *must mind his* Part.

BODLEIANA · BIBLIOTHECA

Written by the *Man in the Moon*, And now reprinted at the request of some young Gentlemen, to *Act* in *Christmas Holy-dayes.*

Printed (at the first) at *you might go looke* 1649.
And now by *E. Crowch*, which ownes the Booke, 1661.

To his Noble Freind the *Man in the Moon*, in commendation of his *Tragi-Comedy* called *NEW-Market-FAIR.*

PRoosted, dear friend, and bid them doe their worſt;
Tell them their Acts are like themſelves accurſt;
Thine are more bleſt, *and* happy, *that give* ſight
To blinde-men; *thy* Moon *ith'* clipſe *puts out their* light.
But when our Sol *but daines to appeare*
In the bright Orbe *of his Right* Hemiſphere:
Then ſhall Sate-Glow-worms *vaniſh to their graves,*
So ends *thy Play, and ſo will* end *ſuch Knaves.*
Mean while thou haſt the wiſhes of my heart,
Thy Gold *to boot, to write thy* Second Part.

Thine W. M. B. *In. Tem.*

The Actors Names.

Fair.	}	*Pride.*
Cromwell.		*Martin.*
Their Wives.		*7 Aldermen.*
Freton.		*Rainsbroughs Widdow.*
Mildmay.		*Two Criers.*
Skippan.		*Three Meſſengers.*

The Scene WESTMINSTER.

NEW-Market-FAYRE;

OR A

PAKLIAMENT

Out-Cry,

Of State Commodities,

SET TO SALE.

Enter CYERR *with a Crown and Scepter, a Cabinet of Jewells, Suits and Robes belonging to the late King.*

Cryer. OYes, *Oyes, Oyes*; here is a golden Crowne, worth many a hundred Pound, 'twil fit the head of a Fool, Knave, or Clowne; 'twas lately taken from the Royal Head, of a King Martyred: Who bids most? Here is a Scepter for to sway a Kingdom a new *reformed way* 'twas usurp'd from one we did lately betray; pray customers come away: Here be Jewels of Wondrous price, they will dazzle both your eyes; come, come, who buyes: here be Suits of the Kings, bands, shirts, & shooestrings: Here be stockings, here be shooes & cuffes, & double double Ruffes: here be cloaks, hats & gloves, Rings & Braclets

of His dear Lovers, Here be Hearts & Swords, and bloody hands
Kerchers with His Roabs that he royal, his Watch account-Book;
Here be Cabinets with Letters to intrench all your hearts; his
Medicines and *Receipt-book*, in which all Nations may look;
Here is his *Heire* & *royal Blood*, shed for his Subjects good; here
be Liberaries and Books, and Pictures that containe his Looks;
Here you may all things buy, that belong to Monarchy. Here's
a Bowl his blood to Carrowle, with the Goods belonging to
his House; here be rich *Hangings*, Chairs & Stools, belong to
the House of *Lordly Fools*; here be seats of *Wool-packs*, & ma-
ny pretty Knacks. Come customers buy for the *STATE* wants
money, my Candle is light, and I shut up before night.

Enter Fair. Cromwell, Ireton. Pride, Martin, Mildmay,
and Skippon.

Fair. GEntlemen, welcome to *New-Market-Fayre*; Here are
Commodities worth your *Purchasing*; the spoyls of
Tyrant Kings, and *Queens*, which We have crush'd by power
of Arms; and made them taste our *high Displeasure* at large,
when *Victory* was proud to honour us at *Nasby's* happy Field.
I hope you'l give me leave to chuse what I like best.

Crom. My Lord, the Fayr is proclaim'd, and *free*: you have
no greater priviledge then the meanest here; our *Interest's* all
alike in every Parcel.

Cryer. What want ye Gentlemen? here's *Stately Ware*; The
Goods oth' King, and his Exiled *Heire*.

Crom. Where is the *Crown* that Col. *Martin* took from the
Abby at *Westminster*, some four years since? I think it fitts my
Temples, and is the richest fave one, and that the Rebell Earl of
Darby hath ith' Ile of *Man*.

Cryer. Here 'tis Sir; try it on: So 'tis sure,
And makes you looke more like a King *then Brewer*.

Fair. 'Tis most my Right, and best becomes my head.

Crom. Not yet my Lord, till *OLIVER* be dead.
Better to Straight, then to have none at all. *aside.*
Were it but on—yours should quickly fall.
Here's a hundred pound in gold for it;
And here's the *Purse* was given me by a *Citt.*

Cryer.

Cryer. A hundred pound bid for the *royall Crown of England*, who bids any more.

Fair. Here 'tis trebble.

Cryer. Three hundred pound bid for the *royal Crown of England*, who bids more?

Crom. Ile hav't in ſpight of *Fair.* or *Fate.*
Although I buy't at ne're ſo deare a rate:
Here's five hundred pound; and now 'tis mine.

Fair. But not ſo haſty Sir; Here's a thouſand for it?
And more becauſe Ile make it ſure,
Ile give thee in my *Baſon* and my *Vrn.*

Crom. I caus'd the owner of it looſe his head,
And ſhall I looſe his Crown now he is dead?
No: Did it encompaſſe the powerful brows of *JOVE*,
I'de ſtorm the Heavens, and fetch it from above.

Fair. Are you content to ſhare it then?

Crom. No: A Crown admits no Rival; Ile *all* or none,
He ſits unſafe that doth devide his Throne.

Enter Lady Fair. and Mrs. Cromwell.

Fair. Ile try that preſently. *draws his ſword.*

Mrs Crom. Doe if thou darſt; (*ſhe ſtands ſtraddling betwixt*)
Run thy *Blade* in a Woman, doe,
Thou white-liver'd Knave thou; thou art *mark'd* for a R——
Woo'd I were a man for thy ſake. Uds-ſut Ide——

La. Fair. What woo'd ye Miſtris *Toſt* and *Graines*; marry foh——Come up *ſmall bear*: You'd make your noſe as red-hot as your husbands, & thruſt it into his *fizzling-place*, woo'd ye not, Miſtris Brazen-face.

Mrs Crom. Call me Miſtris brazen-face,——, thou *Rotter-dam* ſlut thou,——call me brazen-face Thou look'ſt more liker a Miſtris *fools-face*, or thy *Husbands-face*, then I do a brazen-face, or a copper-face either, Come, come; I never had a B——d by another man, when my husband was at the Leaguer before *Breda*, nor I keep not company with Cavaliers at Taverns; nay at Bawdy taverns too, when thy *Tom Innocent* has been in ſight. *Gorge* me that, *Gorge* me that *Madam Turn-taile.* (*makes horns.*

Fair. You'l peace you *She-Otter*, Ile make ye take your Copper elſe; and for *Dives-face* thy husband, Ile deal well enough with him——come *firt-ſnout*, draw. *Mildmay.*

Mild. Nay, good my Lord, put up your ſword; we ſhall ere long I fear have occaſion enough to uſe your valour: Fy, fy, in your own country? wrong your own country? 'tis the way to make us looſe all we have got, and fetch the Prince in amongſt us: Ile to the Counſel of State, and take up the buſineſſe to all your contents Ile warrant ye; in the mean time you may equally divide the houſes and goods of the late King Queen and Prince amongſt us; you two ſhall caſt lots, which ſhall be King of *England*, and which of *Ireland*: Com. Gen. *Ireton* Prince of *Wales*, my ſelf Maſter of the horſe, and clerk of your Majeſties Jewels: Col. *Pride* will be content with *Oatelands*, *Woodſtock*, or *Greenwich* to brew in: Mr. *Martin* Lord Chamberlaine; & keeper of your Concubines, or Gentleman Uſher to one of your Queens: your Wives may enjoy all the Queens rights; & Major *Skippon* be made Lord high Conſtable of *England*: Mr. *Goodwin* Archbiſhop of *Canterburie*, Mr. *Owen* Archbiſhop of *York*, and *Hugh Peters* of *London*, *John Bradſhaw* Lord Chief Juſtice, *Steel*, *Rolls* &c. of the privy Counſel, *Pembrocke* Controuler: *Denbie* Yeoman of the Wine-ſeller. *Fleming* Maſter Cook. *Selden* Secretay of State, my Lady *Kent* Laundreſſe. *Miles Corbet* Scullion: and then we ſhall have a Kingdom well govern'd, and all the People contented to the full: is not this better then fighting and weakning your ſelves, to ſtrengthen the Enemy?

Come, come, let's be all Peace, and ceaſe baſe jarres,
We look for Forrein, not Domeſtique Warres.

Omnes. Content, content; all is Peace, all is Peace

Mrs. Crom. But think ye that WE can brook any thing that was the late Queens: No, all her Goods ſmell of Popery, and ſavour as ſtrong as the Whore of *Babilond*; If the Kingdom will not be at the charge to finde me all things New, by my troath, I will not be their Queen. Doe ye think that Ile be Odious to my People? No; they ſhall be proud of the Ornaments I weare.

The Gods themſelves ſhall for my Love impore,
My People (like ſome Goddeſſe) me adore.

Crom. Be but content, my Dear, the glory of the world is thine
Thou haſt both *Indies* at thy beck: Thy traine
Shall be held up by Queens of *France* & *Spaine*. Ex. *Om.*

Ti

The Scene changing. Enter a Surveigher, and presents a Landskip, wherein is discovered all the Kings Mannors, Parks Chases, Forrests, with Horses and Deere feeding.

Enter a malignant CRYER.

Cryer. OYes, Oyes, O yes, Who buyes any of the late Kings *Revenues* belonging to His Crown, worth many a hundred Thousand pounds: Here be Mannors, Parks, Forrests and Chases, and good Timber trees that grow on their places; Here be good stoor of Deer, for the Saints to make good cheer, and grown Woods for their feer: Here's Cammels, Asses, and Horses, that wil mount you more Forces: Here be broken Seals, Maces, and Members with hollow hearts, and double faces: Here's Deans and Chapters Lands, and Parliament men with bloody hands: Here are purjur'd Knaves and Fools, that have undone Churches and Free-Schools: here's *Grafton* & *Belcause*, that intend to steal half: *Tony Mildmay* & *Lampier*, are intrusted to sell Deer: here is Taxes of Gold-smiths-hall, Couzening, Cheating, Lying, and the Devil and all: here is a new Art of *doubling* come in fashion, but hereafter 'twil prove *double* Damnation: *Preston* Reports the amendment of the Act, but you may one day see him hang'd for the fact, these holy theives live only by murder and stealth, rob God, King and People, for the good of the Common-wealth: here is *Richmond* and *Hamton-Court*, and *Windsor-Castle*, and *Havering* for their sport: here's *Wansted* for *Judas Mildmay*, that with a kisse did his Master betray: here's *Holmbie* a prison to releives, and *White-hall*, full of thieves: here's the *Wardrope* intended for the poor, & St. *James's* that shrowds many a Parliament-mans whore: here's *Titbury*, *Roistone* & *Newmarket*, to be sold out-right, or to be let: here's *Claridon*, *Oatlands*, *Theobalds*, *Woodstock*, & 400*l. per an.* for my Lord *Pembrook*: here's *Bushy*, *Greenwich* and *Somerset-house*, which will serve the saints to inherit, & multiply their spirit: besides here be offices & gratuityes, given for their brethrens lyes; each Parliament-man has 4*l. per* week allow'd him, besides the Revenue, which they think is their due, Delinquents Estates and Church-lands, are all in State-hucksters hands, yet still they be poore, & tax the People more, and more; the Self-denying Ordinance, lies in a trance; the war is unjust, grounded on covetous-

nesse

dustie and lust. Come, Customers and buy——*your own slavery.*

Enter Woolaston, Atkins, and Pennington, and 4 Aldermen more with the Widdow Rainsbrough.

Wool. I have laid out large Summes in purchasing of Bishops Lands, heaven send me comfort of them, and grant I may enjoy them quietly. This news from Sea, and the *Scots* does not please me I promise ye.

Atkins. I have purchas'd some too, and have money in readiness for more Sister *Rainsbrough* you will have double share for the loss of your deer husband; enough to marry you to a Lord.

Mrs. Rainsb. Indeed the State is liberall.

Cay. I, do they are of that is none of their own. *aside.*

Enter Fair. Cromwell, Ireton, &c.

Crom. WE must be sudden in our resolutions, all's lost else, Money is a moveable Commodity, let's demand a million of the City: hang 'um they're rich enough.

Atkins. Do ye hear that Brethren? *(let's stand aside.)*

Crom. Tell them of Mannors, Bishops, Deans, and Chapters Lands, 'tis the way to make the Joule-heads untruss——

Atkins. Ile do't in my Breeches first. *aside.*

Fair. But what if they deny us the Money?

Ireton. My Lord I am confident they care not: if they should, we can compell them: Here's an *ill scent my Lord*, pray let's void the Room.

Enter three Messengers running.

Crom. Some hasty news——pray heaven 'tis good.

Messengers. Here's Letters for the General. *(Crom. reads)*

Crom. We're all undone; our Navy's lost at Sea, *Dublin* neer taking, the Prince upon landing with great Forces, the *Scots* are advanc'd with five and twenty thousand to *Carlile*, and which is worse, the People generaly do our late *Actions* curse. We all are lost.

Cryer. Ha, ha, ha, then you had all best go hang your selves.

Omnes. All People here behold our *misery*,
Who lives by *Treason*, must like *Traitors* dye.

FINIS.

Gentlemen,

Be pleas'd to accept of this, with a free heart,
And the next week you shall have the second Part.